

THE AMERICAN HERO.

Made on the battle of Bunker-Hill, and the burning of Charlestown.

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the
sight of
death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground
in crimson,

Sounding with death groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings:
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him—all his ways are
perfect;
Though a splendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sun-shine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm & thunder,
Mercies and judgments both proceed from
kindness;
Infinite kindness.

O then exult, that God forever reigneth;
Clouds, which around him hinder our pre-
ception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from
the cannon,
Rattling in grape shot, like a storm of hail-
stones,
Torturing æther!

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames
rise,
Breaking like Ætna thro' the smoky columns,
Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for
havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, nam'd the Brit-
ish lions,
Dauntless as death stares; nimble as the
whirlwind;
Dreadful as demons.

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then with your sails fill'd by a storm of ven-
geance,
Bear down to battle!

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth
and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banners of the King of heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While that preceds me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimer than a death's
head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's
To the encounter.

Life for my country, and the cause of free-
dom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.